[I See They are Lungs]

Beliefs & Customs - Folkstuff Accession no. W 8109 Date received 10/10/40 Consignment no. 1 Shipped from Wash. off. Label Amount 3p. (incl. 2 forms.) WPA L. C. PROJECT Writers' UNIT Form —3 Folklore Collection (or Type) Title ...I see they are lungs.... Place of origin N.Y. Date 3/4/'39 Project worker Terry Roth Project editor

Remarks Form [Curith?] text 16 Beliefs and Customs Folk Stuff

FOLKLORE

NEW YORK Forms to be Filled out for Each Interview

FORM A Circumstances of Interview

STATE New York

NAME OF WORKER Terry Roth ———- Sam Schwartz

ADDRESS 47 W. 69th Street 152 W. 13th Street

DATE March 4, 1939

SUBJECT I SEE THEY ARE LUNGS

- 1. Date and time of interview April 3, 1939
- 2. Place of interview Furriers Union 250 W. 26th Street New York City
- 3. Name and address of informant Mrs. Sarah Cohen.
- 4. Name and address of person, if any, who put you in touch with informant. Miss Sprio, Educational Director
- 5. Name and address of person, if any, accompanying you

Sam Schwartz

6. Description of room, house, surroundings, etc.

FOLKLORE

NEW YORK

FORM C Text of Interview (Unedited)

STATE New York

NAME OF WORKER Terry Roth ————- Sam Schwartz

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DATE March 4, 1939

SUBJECT I SEE THEY ARE LUNGS I SEE THEY ARE LUNGS

I study your body. I know it through and through. I'm a nurse. Thirty years I work in a Tuberculosis Dept. in Odesa Odessa. In a furrier's shop I can't help it. I study your body. When I came here I can't stand that they shut me the window. I had to put up a great fight in order I should win this campaign. Look over there. That room with boxes. Now you will understand me more. I have been a maniac about opening the windows. To open the windows all over a little bit, according the weather. Now, look over there. There wasn't a window in that room before.

Now I think in the twentieth century, when the unions are lest or more intelligent people, they understand the need of the furrier's in the health respect. So, who should bring it up. Who should do something in this respect? I went over to the Health committee and I said. "Listen, Mr. B., we thought the member would be remembered. That is an outside wall. There must be a window in that room."

"But the union can't afford it."

I looked in that room where you see the boxes now. It was the local of the mechanics and all day long young, strong, healthy 2 boys full of energy, are full of smoke. When I pass by

I can't help it. I don't see they are boys. I see they are lungs. I see that other room is an outside wall.

I told the health officer. "The union spends very much money for the T.B. workers. This union has about 20 odd cases of workers T.B. The best thing to do, it will cost a little bit money, is to break through a window in that wall."

I came back in two weeks and they are breaking through the window. What is the result? Action! Let him take the credit as long as there is a window. Finished. I don't know. But the window's there. And the lungs will be better. At least a little bit.

When I used to tell my children to come home, they say. "Where mama, in the house or to the union?" That's all I tell you. You'll come here, you'll see me. Association is like this. It's like a machine. The machine turns, it reminds you. Maybe I'll remind myself or something else.